

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XXI.

The perfection of vice, or virtue in character.—In what light we view our own offences.—Caricatures not unnatural.—Democritus and Heraclitus.—Which was the wisest.—Mrs. Pawlet's tea.—A new character.—The advantage of speaking broken English.

AS I am, in this chapter, about to introduce a character possessed of none of the most enviable features, it will not be amiss to premise a few words on the subject.

Some critics may affirm, that the author, who draws a virtuous character of great, but attainable perfection, does much good, but that he who delineates a mind fraught with evil, and revelling in every detestable and abhorred crime, can scarcely be pronounced innoxious. The effect is to be produced on the hearts of the wicked, and not of those of the virtuous. The bad man will read the former character, and, in reading, contrast his own, and hate himself. The latter he will view with horror, and think his feelings the offspring of virtue. He will compare his own evil life with that of one perpetrating every sin a heated and malignant imagination could devise, and what will be the result? He will deem himself, by comparison, pure as the morning dew, and white as snow. I confess, that such a lenity to our misconduct should not be encouraged; since we are but too apt to esteem that almost a virtue in ourselves, which we con-

demn as vice in others; thinking our own offences serve like the dark spots in ermine, to give a double lustre to the brighter parts of our character, and as moulds on the face of a lovely woman, to beautify, not blemish the object.

However, it may, on the other hand, be said, that to expose vice and virtue in their truest colours is the most infallible mode of ensuring the detestation and abhorrence of mankind to the one, and their love and veneration for the other. Follow nature, say our judges, and you shall have nothing to fear. But I doubt, I fear that he who should copy nature, (by which I understand characters that exist) too closely, would be accused of describing nothing but caricatures.—Such may be the opinion respecting Mrs. Pawlet, but I have not overcharged the draught I have given of her. I have seen her original, which as far surpassed this imitation as originals are wont to do. I own the inability of my pencil to do her justice, but I must say that I shall be more convinced than otherwise, of the likeness of my composition by hearing it called a caricature. There are breathing caricatures as well as painted ones. There are living caricatures of every description; so that if Heraclitus were now alive, he would have more cause to weep for human kind than ever; and were Democritus still in existence, he also would have more reason than heretofore to laugh and indulge his spleen. The wisest of these two philosophers was in my opinion the last. Democritus, who was always laughing, lived 109 years. Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only 60.

Barclay and Mr. Pawlet joined the ladies in the drawing-room, where they found Miss Penelope presiding at the tea-table in the middle of the room; and in one corner, near the fire, sat Mrs. Pawlet

with her own table and tea-things. Singularity was one of her predominant passions. She never drank such tea as was commonly used; but being acquainted with an East-India captain, he had furnished her with a large stock of *Canopoi*, *Pekoe*, *Singlo* and *Twankey*, which she was very proud of; and kept principally to herself, because few would drink them with her.

Barclay being seated, was invited to take a dish of *Twankey*, which, through curiosity and politeness, he accepted, but did not find it so much to his taste as to require any more. Mrs. Pawlet now harangued on the virtues of teas, and was declaiming with excessive fluency, when she was interrupted by a ring at the bell, and presently a tall thin figure made its appearance. He saluted the company all round, and being very graciously received by the parson and his family, took his seat by Mrs. Pawlet, who exclaimed,

"Ah! monsieur l'abbé, que je suis ravi de vous voir."

"Madame," he replied, "Vous me faites, trop d'honneur."

"Un tasse du Twankey, Monsieur?" continued she.

"Ah! la chose du monde que j'aime! du Twankey, Madame, s'il vous plait," he returned, with great expression of satisfaction. And while he is employed in drinking his tea, I shall beg leave to give some account of him.

Monsieur l'Abbe Dupont was a French emigrant, rather advanced in life, of much superficial learning, and possessed of many of those accomplishments which are more courted by mankind, and better received every where, than the greatest virtues, and the most exalted probity and honour. It is said that the countenance is an image of the soul. If so, he had the ugliest soul that ever animated a man's body.

His visage was dark, his conscience spoke in his face, and his eye told you not to trust him. Such was the Abbe Dupont to any but the most unsuspecting. He had, however, by his insinuating manners, contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of almost every family in the village. His poverty pleaded for him with the parson; his learning, but more especially his flattery, recommended him to Mrs. Pawlet. He was engaged to read French with Penelope, and Mr. Pawlet not thinking he got enough for his support, took some lessons of him himself, that he might not feel the obligation of receiving money in the way of charity. His duplicity was excessive. Although he could talk the language with ease, he affected to speak broken English, and when he found he had said any thing that was offensive, he would cover himself with the cloak of ignorance, and protest, *Qu'il ne comprend pas la langue.*

Something being advanced by the parson, which Mrs. Pawlet, as usual, contradicted, he was asked which he thought in the right.—

"Pon my honneur," said he, "I am puzzled—Monsieur seem to me to have reason, but Madame have not wrong, because de ladies never, jamais, can be wrong."

Barclay was not much pleased with his looks, and soon perceived by his conduct, the artful part he played; but not being inclined to judge rashly, or with severity, he was willing to ascribe it to the exigency of his situation.

After the Abbe had swallowed four or five dishes of Mrs. Pawlet's tea, professing that every dish was better than the last, she began a long political sermon, which he listened to with signs of great admiration. Barclay sat by the side of the parson unemployed, unless in thought, and in now and then catching the eyes of Penelope, who sat opposite him, near the Abbe and Mrs. Pawlet, engaged in making a purse. She was prosecuting her subject with excessive vigour, when the servant came in, to inform Barclay, that a man had brought his luggage from the inn.

"Take it into Mr. Temple's room," cried the parson. It was now nine o'clock, and our hero, being much fatigued by the exertions of his mind and body, said, in a low voice, to Mr. Pawlet, that he should be glad if he would permit him to retire to rest. His request was readily granted. Rising, therefore, he bowed to the company, and followed the servant to his chamber.

Being now alone, Barclay threw him-

self on the bed, and abandoned his mind to reflection. "Lovely, adorable creature!" he exclaimed, "Happy, thrice happy man, to live beneath the same roof, with so much beauty and perfection!—Mean is my employment, and I despised it, but now I shall love it, for the happiness it brings me, and will copy, until my fingers wear away, ere I will complain.—But ah, alas! have not the most bewitching forms, and fairest eyes, fascinated to destroy? Oh, Keppel! oh, my friend! is it just to use thee thus? I tremble when I think of thee! Between my friendship and my love I am racked and torn!"

In this state of distraction he remained for some time, till his hopes, getting the better of his fears, flattered him with the prospect of happiness, by his friend's relinquishing his claim to Penelope.

"He will,—he will!" he ejaculated. "Great will be the sacrifice, but it will be his glory! Surely he cannot love her as I do."

With these soothing, but deceitful thoughts, he went to rest, and passed the night in airy dreams of future bliss and never-ending love.

CHAP. XXII.

Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope described in their morning dresses.—Persian.—What the women promised by Mahomet are made of.—Why the parson will feel very awkward when he gets to heaven. Barclay receives instructions, and begins his task.—Why nature has given us two eyes.—Some extracts promised from a singular manuscript.

BARCLAY enjoyed the elysium to which his dreams had wafted him, in such an uninterrupted manner, that they were compelled to give him notice, that breakfast was ready, and waiting for him. He instantly arose, and greatly refreshed, descended to the parlour, where he found the family expecting him. The parson was in his morning-gown and black cap; Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope in dresses forming the most inimitable contrast. They could not, indeed, be better compared, in respect to clothing and appearance, than to Hecate and Hebe. The former, in a dark fustian gown, and a cap that baffles all description, exhibited a shrivelled visage, a snuffy nose, and eyes of doubtful direction. The other, in a robe of white, beautiful for its simplicity and taste, displayed a form the grace itself might envy, and, under a light cap, edged with lace, and bound with pink ribbon, was seen a face of perfect loveliness;—her nose was in a straight line with her forehead, according to the true model of beauty, her

eyes were blue, and like those of the queen of Love, as described by the poets, swimming in their orbs, as if mingling with the liquid pearl that surrounded them; and her mouth, adorned with small, even teeth, delicately white, breathed perfumes far more sweet than gales "of Araby the blest!" It is said that the Persian angels are entirely composed of perfumes. If that is the case, and it be necessary to the angelic character, Nature, undoubtedly intended Penelope to be one, for she was all sweetness*.

Barclay made his appearance in a neat morning dress, and, after inquiring politely, after the health of the family, and receiving the same compliment, he took his seat at the breakfast-table.

"I have prepared every thing for your accommodation, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Pawlet, who was sitting, as on the preceding evening, at her own board, "and I shall, after breakfast, be ready to attend you to the library."

Barclay bowed.

[Much curious conversation passed at breakfast, of which the following formed the conclusion: speaking of the poor parson, Mrs. Pawlet observed]—"I could never teach him the fitness or unfitness of things. Why is it, Mr. Pawlet, that you are such an enemy to learning? As a clergyman, you ought to be well acquainted with the Hebrew, that you might expound the Scripture with critical nicety. At present, you, like too many others, pretend to explain the holy writings, without understanding them yourself. I have often wished to instruct you in it, but you always decline it. However, you know not what you reject. Every man should know Hebrew. You learn French, without being sure that you shall ever go to France, but there is a country which we all hope to visit, and intend to reside in for ever, and yet we neglect their language. It is the opinion of many learned men, that Hebrew was spoken by Adam in Paradise, and that the saints in Heaven will speak

* Mahomet says there are four kinds of women in Paradise, all of equal and extraordinary beauty. As they merit description, I shall describe them according to Durier's French translation of the Coran, cap. xlviii.

The first are white, the second green, the third yellow, and the fourth red. Their bodies are composed of saffron, musk, amber and frankincense, and their hair of carnation; from the toes to the knees they are saffron; from the knees to the breast musk; from the breast to the throat, amber; and from the throat to the top of the head, frankincense.

Such are the beauties Mahomet promises to his followers, in Paradise.

it. Now through your obstinacy, you will not be able to comprehend a word they say! Unless, indeed, I should be with you, and interpret for you."

"My dear," said the parson, smiling, "I hope we shall meet each other there."

Mrs. Pawlet tossed up her head, significant of her superiority, and, turning to Barclay, said, "When you are ready, Mr. Temple, we will retire."

"Whenever you please, madam," he replied, rising.

He ascended with Mrs. Pawlet to the library, where he perceived at some distance from her table, a desk, a chair, and every thing in readiness, prepared for him to begin his task. After telling him, in a round-about way, that she had exploded the points as a late invention of the Masoretes, only calculated to confuse, without offering any advantage, and requesting him, in writing the Hebrew, not to follow the Rabbinical method, but to make the characters square, or more angular, she brought forth her books, on which she had been working for the last twenty years, and set him to his labour, which she instructed him how to perform, in five parallel columns. This preparation took up a considerable time; but, being at length convinced that he comprehended her meaning, she withdrew to her own studies.

While copying, Barclay observed that Mrs. Pawlet was regulated in the disposition of her minutes by a time-piece, which stood before her, devoting so many to different pursuits. At last he saw her rise, and, taking down a large folio on anatomy, she placed it upon the table, then stretching out her left hand, she threw open a little door by her side, which to Barclay's great surprise, contained a perfect skeleton of a man, which she contemplated, and examined a long while with great attention, referring occasionally to her book.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, throwing herself in her chair, "we are indeed 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Nature, Mr. Temple has been very provident. She has provided man with two eyes, two ears, two this and two that, when indeed, it is proved, that man is as efficient an animal with one as with two. The second, therefore, must have been bestowed in case of accidents."

Barclay could scarcely refrain from laughing at the oddity of the idea, that Nature had given us an extra eye to be knocked out; but, restraining his risible muscles, he made a sign that he approved of the shrewdness of her remark.

She then retired into an adjoining room, from which she soon issued, dressed for walking, with a book under her arm.

"I see," said she, "you are going on very well, Mr. Temple, and I shall leave you for the present. I am going to Olympus."

"Ma'my," cried Barclay, staring at her.

"Yes," she added, "and if any one inquires where I am gone, you may say, *Viamque affactat Olympo**.—She withdrew.

"She is mad!" exclaimed Barclay, not then knowing what she meant; "however, she's gone," he continued, "therefore I won't complain."

Now quitting his desk, he began to examine the library, where his attention was attracted by a red pocket book, which he perceived lying on Mrs. Pawlet's table. It was the repository of her memorandums, which she had left behind her either by accident or intentionally. Our hero could not suppress his curiosity, he therefore made free to open it; and that the reader may also be gratified, several of the pages are transcribed in the next chapter.—I wish him much entertainment.

* She affects the way to Olympus. VIRGIL.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

WITH regret I find my hopes were too sanguine respecting a conversion of the Jews in this city to Christianity. Had *Judaicus* in his statement of facts, confined himself to the refutation of this error in opinion, I should not have again troubled you on a subject at present so little interesting; but as he has gone further, and accused me of falshood and malice, I owe it to myself to make some vindication against these charges.—Though my conclusions may have been wrong, yet I trust my statement of facts from which they were drawn, has been perfectly correct; nor has any thing been offered by *Judaicus* in contradiction. That their worship was suspended, and a separation taken place, (the only two facts I stated) has not, nor cannot be denied: from these circumstances, and the liberal opinions and conduct of many of their members, I thought the conclusions I made, were the most favourable and reasonable that could be offered. Certainly it is but a poor apology to say, that their trifling and private dissensions should cause a suspension of their public worship.

I must still persist in my former opinion, notwithstanding *Judaicus*'s ingenious remark as to the omnipresence of the Deity, that the structure they had converted to his use was rather derogatory to the Supreme Being, who has himself evinced his partiality for superb edifices, in regard to the Tabernacles (the pattern of which was given to Moses on mount Sinai,) and the Temple of Solomon. There are many other objectionable passages in *Judaicus*'s remarks, but as I have neither time nor inclination for further discussion, I shall dismiss the present with assuring him, that my remarks were as free from malice, as I trust they evidently are from falshood; of which he certainly would not have accused me, had he wrote with less passion, and more candour.

CHRISTIANUS.

FOLLY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE Jews in Constantinople had once a violent altercation with some Musselmen concerning Paradise; the former insisting that they alone on their departure from this world could be admitted into it.—"If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?" demanded the Turks. The Jews being afraid to say that their antagonists will be utterly excluded from heaven, replied, "Why you will be placed on the outside of the walls, and will have the pleasure of viewing us."—The merits of this singular dispute at length reached the ears of the grand Vizer, who, as he only waited a pretext to exact fresh contributions from the Jews, declared, "since these fellows think proper to shut the gates of Paradise against us, it is but just that they should supply us with pavillions, in order to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather." He accordingly levied, besides what they hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and that for the avowed purpose of furnishing pavillions for the Turks in the other world; a tax with which the Jews are saddled in Turkey to this day.

MULTIPLICATION.

Hillel the Rabbi, says, "He that multiplieth flesh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth estates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female servants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men servants, multiplieth rapine; but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth study, multiplieth sagacity; he that multiplieth counsel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth justice, multiplieth peace.

TABLE,

(REFERRED TO IN OUR LAST)

Exhibiting the number of different ways in which the Letters of the Alphabet might be combined or put together, from one letter to 25; or the number of changes which might be rung on any number of bells, not exceeding the number of Letters in the Alphabet.

Thus 2 letters may be put 2 different ways together; 3 letters 6 different ways; 4 letters 24 different ways; 5 letters 120 ways; 6 letters 720 ways; and so on, as in the following table:

1	A	1
2	B	2
3	C	6
4	D	24
5	E	120
6	F	720
7	G	5040
8	H	40320
9	I	362880
10	K	3628800
11	L	39916800
12	M	479001600
13	N	6227020800
14	O	87178291200
15	P	1307674368000
16	Q	20922739888000
17	R	355687428096000
18	S	6402373703728000
19	T	121645100408832000
20	U	2432902008176640000
21	V	51090942171709440000
22	W	112400072777607680000
23	X	25852016738884976640000
24	Y	620448401733239439360000
25	Z	15511210043330985984000000

Now supposing all the 25 letters could be put down in 30 seconds of time, or each combination of them made in that time, (which might be done) it would require 57461442099517020214 Julian years to make all the various combinations which these letters would admit of; and consequently, if the world had already lasted 6000 years, it would require 9576907016586170 such ages to make all these combinations, without ever stopping for one single second of time.

NEW ANECDOTES OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

[From the London Mirror.]

Dr. Johnson's biographer (Mr. Boswell) is of opinion, that the most minute singularities which belonged to him should not be omitted; one anecdote of that class, perhaps as unaccountable as any he has

related, with all his assiduity, has escaped him. It was communicated to the writer of this article by the late Mr. Sheridan, of which he himself had shortly after an opportunity of being an eye-witness. Mr. Sheridan at that time lived in Bedford-street, opposite Henrietta-street, which ranges with the south side of Covent-Garden, so that the prospect lies open the whole way, free of interruption: we were standing together at the drawing-room window, expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Mr. Sheridan asked me, could I see the length of the garden? "No, sir."—"Take out your opera-glass, Johnson is coming; you may know him by his gait." I perceived him at a good distance, working along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment, and an awkward sort of measured step. At that time the broad flagging on each side of the streets was not universally adopted, and stone posts were in fashion, to prevent the annoyance of carriages. Upon every post, as he passed along, I could observe he deliberately laid his hand; but, missing one of them, when he had got at some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he had gained the crossing. This, Mr. Sheridan assured me, however odd it might appear, was his constant practice: but why, or wherefore, he could not inform me. . . Now for a dinner-scene.

The house on the right, at the bottom of Beaufort-buildings, was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother, by whom Johnson was often invited, in the snug way, with the family-party. At one of those social meetings, Johnson, as usual, sat next the lady of the house, the desert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which, the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clenched hold of it, and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, "O tye! Mr. Johnson!" The company at first knew not what to make of it; but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologized:—"Nay, Madam, recollect yourself; I know

not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.

Extract from a work entitled,

"MEDICAL VULGAR ERRORS REFUTED."

That it is very hurtful to put infants very young to stand upon their Legs, as it will make them crooked and bandy-legged.

BY no means; dandling them well, but gently, is very necessary towards their health; and using them to their feet strengthens their legs very much; one great cause of rickets and bandy-legs being the keeping children too much in the cradle, and their want of due exercise and friction.

That leading-strings are an useful Invention to bring on children to Walk, and prevent falls.

—They are exceedingly hurtful, by pressing in the sternum, which in infants is very weak, and thereby laying the foundation of asthmas and consumptions, by thus narrowing their chests. Suffering them to take their falls on carpets or grass plats will soonest bring them to walk cautiously.

The casting of teeth is a dangerous distemper in Children.—Cutting them is painful, and often dangerous in gross children; but the shedding is by no means so. The teeth originally are like gelly, in a cartilaginous state, included in little bladders, of which there are two in each alveolus, one lying upon the other, which by degrees harden into bone; at which time the lower, by their growth, by degrees thrust out the upper ones, that as the jaws grow, there may be no vacancy between the teeth, and that they, by being larger, might quite fill up the hiatus's.

That Squinting comes naturally to some Children and is incurable.—I believe it is most generally brought on by using children to caps or bonnets that come too forward, which they turn their eyes to look at. Covering the strong eye with a plaster, to compel the constant use of the weaker one, seems a reasonable mode of cure, and the wearing the instrument called goggles, for a length of time, is said to have been very successful.

That burnt Allum is excellent Dentifrice.—In direct contradiction to this, acids of every kind are the most pernicious application of any to the teeth, as they soon corrode even their enamel. Hence it is, that persons in apple and cyder counties have rotten teeth. Every nostrum that has any thing sharp in it, ought to be carefully avoided. The best dentifrice is finely levigated charcoal, soot, or in some cases finely powdered Peuvian bark.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in a balance; and hire a goldsmith, and he maketh it a god; they fall down, yea, they worship."

THE ills attendant on an inordinate love of wealth, which has been justly called "*the root of all evil*," are almost incalculable. If we trace the many crimes and follies which disgrace our species, to their source, we shall find the generality of them to originate in the desire of riches. This appears to be the "*master passion*" of the human heart, which, as the celebrated "*master poet*" affirms, swallows up the rest.

Tho' most men desire riches, yet when acquired, how various are the uses to which they apply them. The luxurious man employs them as the means of extending the circle of his enjoyments; they are the ministers of his lascivious pleasures; but his extravagance is far from producing happiness, and he is commonly precipitated into poverty, laden with disease and infamy.

The miser, on the contrary, experiences the same insatiable thirst for wealth; but never, unless forced by necessity, does he permit it to issue from his hands: altho' he does not "*lavish gold out of the bag*," he literally "*weighs silver in the balance*;" nor does he receive a dollar, or pay one away, without looking at it warily, and examining both sides with anxious eyes. He "*maketh it a god*," it is the object of his adoration; and he sacrifices health, ease and enjoyment at its shrine.

But it is the interest of a wise man to choose the happy medium between those opposite extremes. He should not suffer the pursuit of riches to engross the whole of his talents, which could otherwise be more nobly employed; nor should he be entirely inattentive to his worldly interest; "*There is a time for all things*," it is sufficient that he breaks not in upon those hours which should be sacred to literature, ease or devotion.

The wise man is not prodigal of his wealth; he bestows not his charity indiscriminately upon the deserving and unworthy; he enquires into the wants of his fellow-creatures, with the endearing accents of sympathetic kindness; he delights to

"Draw forth modest merit from the shade"

in which it has been thrown by poverty or misfortune. But he assumes the harsher features of indignation, when he beholds vice, arrayed by hypocrisy, assuming the

name and countenance of virtue; he turns his back on the athletic beggar, whose only infirmity is idleness. Yet if a man's character appears doubtful, he inclines to believe the best; he would much rather ten vicious persons should receive his bounty, than that one object deserving of compassion, should go unrelieved.

He is economical; but he is not avaricious; he does not "*lavish gold out of the bag*," except some suffering mortal desires his aid. In short, he regards gold only as it affords him the means of extending happiness to those whose breasts are strangers to content and peace.

Which of these three characters is the most desirable? The first whirls round in a vortex of dissipation; but debauchery is far from producing real pleasure. The miser is not more contented in possessing the idol of his soul; anxiety and care place an effectual drawback on his happiness. But it is the man of moderation, whose mind is placid and serene, that enjoys the highest of all possible blessings, the calm sunshine of an approving conscience; which is the summit of pure felicity.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

An Account of the manner of obtaining and manufacturing COUTCHOU; commonly known by the name of ELASTIC GUM, or INDIAN RUBBER: together with some ingenious speculations on the Economical uses that may be made of.

THE substance which forms the object of our present disquisition is called *Coutchou*, by the natives of the country where it is spontaneously produced. It is denominated *elastic gum*, or *elastic resin*, by philosophers in Europe; but it is now generally known in the shops by the name of *Indian Rubber*; a substance that few of our readers are not acquainted with. It is firm, tough, and pliable, greatly resembling some kinds of leather; but it possesses a degree of elasticity that cannot be equalled by any known substance in nature. It admits of being stretched out in every direction to an astonishing degree; and when the distending power is removed, it recovers its former shape and appearance. It neither can be dissolved in water, in ardent spirits, in acids, nor alkaline liquors, in the ordinary state of our atmosphere. Oils, in some measure act upon it; but the vitriolic æther is the only complete solvent of it that is as yet known. It is inflammable, and burns with a clear steady flame, emitting a slight smell, not at all dis-

agreeable. When exposed to a cold air it is more hard and rigid than under a milder temperature, but it neither becomes fluid, nor loses its elasticity, till it be exposed to a much more intense degree of heat than is ever experienced in any climate on the globe. It may, however, be melted; and then it assumes a thick viscid appearance, like some kinds of semi-fluid oils. And having once been reduced to that state, it cannot be again made to acquire its former consistence or elasticity. Dr. Berguis at Stockholm, found, by experiments made a number of years ago, that by subjecting it to an intense degree of heat, it was converted into a hard, elastic, horn-like substance.

This substance is now well known to be the inspissated juice of a tree. The tree which yields this juice is large and stately. Its trunk is usually about 60 feet in height, and from two to three feet diameter. It grows naturally in Brazil, in French Guiana, and in several other provinces of South America, and also in China, as it is supposed. It is called by the natives *Hovea*. Its seed is a nut, of a pleasing taste, very much resembling that of a filbert, and much esteemed by the natives. They extract the juice by making longitudinal incisions in the bark. It bleeds freely, and the juice, in a thick state of semi-fluidity, is collected into vessels placed to receive it at the bottom of the tree. It is then, by means of a brush, spread upon moulds prepared for the purpose, and suffered to dry in the sun, or before a fire, which, by evaporating the moisture, soon brings it to the state in which it is sent over to us. By adding successive layers above each other, it may be brought to any degree of thickness wanted; and by varying the form of the mould, it may be made to assume any shape or appearance you incline; which shape, as has said, it will ever afterwards retain, if no distending force be applied to alter it.

From this simple detail of facts, it is easy to see, that the uses to which this substance might be applied in arts and manufactures, are innumerable, and such as can be effected by no other known substance in nature. Yet so blind have mankind hitherto been to these advantages, that no attempts have been made, in any accessible region where extensive manufactures could be established, either to cultivate the tree that produces it, or to induce the natives to send the juice in its fluid state to Europe, where it could be properly manufactured. All that has been done is, to suffer the natives to mould it into the form of a small kind of bottles, which is found to answer some

purpose among themselves; and these, when brought to Europe, are applied to scarcely any other use than being cut to pieces for the purpose of effacing marks made upon paper by a black lead pencil, or that of idly amusing children by stretching it out, and observing how perfectly it again recovers its pristine form, after having been distended to a great length in any direction. We amuse ourselves with the phenomena without profiting by it, as children used to be amused with the attraction of amber, before the phenomena of electricity were explained.

I shall here venture to point out a few of the useful purposes it may be made to answer:

1st. This substance so much resembles leather, that it naturally occurs, that it might be employed for the purpose of making *Boots*. These would not only admit of being made of the neatest shape that could be imagined, but also, by being impervious to water, or the other corrosive liquors above named, would be sufficient to protect men from wet, though standing in water. For seamen, fishermen and others, who are by their business obliged to wade in water, such boots would be of the greatest utility.

2d. *Gloves* of this substance would be so soft and pliable, as to allow the fingers perfect freedom of action, and in those kinds of businesses, that requires artificers to put their hands among acids or corrosive liquors, they may become highly convenient.

3d. *Caps*. The uses that might be made of this substance for defending the head from wet, are infinitely various, and might prove highly beneficial. A thin covering of this matter might be made for travelling hats, which, without adding any sensible weight, would be perfectly impermeable by wet of any kind. Every other kind of covering for the head, might be thus rendered water tight, merely by giving them a slight coat of coutchouc, which would in no sensible degree alter their other qualities. Bathing caps in particular, could thus be made extremely commodious, and at a small expence. This could be done, by covering with a coat of coutchouc an elastic stocking cap, which, merely by being pulled tight over the head, would embrace every part of it all round, so as to prevent the entrance of water. The stocking and the covering being equally elastic, they would contract and expand together without any sort of difficulty.

4th. *Umbrellas*.—Neck pieces of silk, or other materials, cloaks or travelling coats

of any sort, that should be judged proper, could thus be rendered perfectly watertight, without destroying their pliability in the smallest degree. It would only be necessary to cover them with a coat of this soft varnish, after they were made, so as to close up the seams. Buckets too, all of canvas, or any other cheap substance, might be made water-tight and incorruptible, by merely covering them with this matter. Vessels also for holding water and other liquors, that would not be liable to breakage, might thus be made of any size or shape, at a small expence.

5th. In the army and navy, its uses would be still more numerous and important. *Tents* are an article of very great expence; the canvas for them must be of the very best quality and closest texture; and after all, they are seldom proof against continued rain. At any rate, the vicissitudes of weather soon rot the canvas, and make a new supply in a short time necessary. Were these tents covered with a coat of this substance, the entrance of rain through it would not only be altogether precluded, but also the very wetting of the canvas itself would be prevented, and of course its durability be augmented to a tenfold degree. On the same principle the sails of a ship would not only be made to hold the wind in a complete manner, but by being covered with a thin coat of it on both sides, the sail-cloth itself could never be wetted, and of course its durability be augmented, while its flexibility would not be diminished.

6th. *Aerostation*.—It is wonderful that no one ever perceived the use that might have been made of this substance for that purpose. No kind of silk, or other light substance could ever be found, that possessed the smallest degree of elasticity; by consequence, when they ascended into the higher regions, the expansion of the gas was in danger of bursting the globe; it was therefore necessary to leave it open below to guard against that accident. A globe of coutchouc would possess the quality here wanted; it would expand as the circumstances of the case required; and while it would be perfectly tight, to prevent the involuntary escape of the smallest quantity, it would adapt itself in size to every variation of circumstances. It is true, the retentive power of this substance, when very thin, has never yet been ascertained by experience, but there is reason to believe it is very great.

7th. As this substance is inflammable, and burns with a bright flame without requiring any wick, it might be employed

perhaps with great economy as torches or flambeaux. Solid balls have also been made of it, that are light, and of amazing degree of elasticity. It might also be moulded into the form of riding whips, and would probably answer that purpose admirably well; and after they were worn out, they might be employed as torches.

8th. As a material for surgical purposes, it might be employed on many occasions. Catheters have already been made of it, after having been dissolved in æther, that have been found to answer the purpose wanted, and to occasion much less irritation in the parts than those of any other sort that have yet been tried; but the great price, when thus manufactured, prevents them from coming into general use. The little bottles, when applied to the breasts of women distressed with sore nipples, can be so managed, as to occasion a more gentle suction than can be effected any other way, and have therefore afforded very great relief.

9th. *Elastic springs*. In all cases where a spring is wanted to act by its contractile power, no substance can be conceived more proper, especially in cold climates;—and there are innumerable cases in which it might be employed in this manner with the happiest effect, in various kinds of machinery.

10th. Geographical globes are at present an article of great expence, especially when of such a size, as to admit of exhibiting a tolerable view of the earth's surface. These could be made of coutchouc of any size required, at a very moderate expence. The savages of South America, whom our philosophers represent as destitute of every endowment, will teach us the way of proceeding. The little bottles we import from thence, are formed upon moulds of clay dried in the sun. When the coutchouc has hardened on the surface by the process already described, a little water is introduced at the mouth of the bottle, which gradually softens the clay, and in time allows it to be washed entirely out of it. A globe of clay might be easily moulded of any dimensions required, leaving at one of the poles a small protuberance for a little neck. This ball, when dry, might be covered with coutchouc till it acquired the thickness required. The clay might then be washed out, so as to leave it empty. The remainder of the process might be here described, were I not afraid of encroaching too much on the patience of the reader.

Such are some of the uses to which this singular substance might perhaps be ap-

plied. It is now about seventy years since it was first introduced into Europe, yet little attention has hitherto been paid to it, except in a few instances. The tree grows very freely, and might be easily reared in some of the rocky parts of the West-India islands, or the Cape de Verd Islands, or along the coast of Africa, where there are such extensive tracts of uninhabited country laid waste by the depopulation arising from the slave trade. What a difference would there be in the state of the inhabitants of that unhappy country, were they taught to cultivate the arts of peace, and to enrich themselves by industrious labour, instead of those cruel wars fomented by the miserable trade in slaves. Could this juice be had in abundance so near Europe, it might then be brought home in a fluid state, in close casks or bottles, so as to be manufactured for such purposes as it might be found best to answer.

[The Bee.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XVIII.

ON GENTLENESS OF MIND.

Fair is her form, serene her mind.

F. HOPKINSON.

TO MRS. A——

WHEN native Innocence and Virtue meet,

And in the female heart erect their shrines,
The heav'n-illum'd face with beauty shines,

And we pronounce the Fair almost complete.

But when to these we add the gen'rous soul,

Devoid of affectation, art and pride,
To which all loveliness of form's allied;—

We gaze with rapture on the perfect whole.

Blush not EUGENIA, that these lines are yours,—

By charms of person and of mind inspir'd:

You need but to be known to be admir'd,
For goodness always, honest praise ensures.

O! if, like yours, Amynta's merits shine,
Earth will be Heav'n, and wedlock's joys divine.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 13, 1802.

A Stated meeting of the ORTHOPETIC SOCIETY, will be held this evening at the usual place.

By order of the society,

JAMES A. NEAL, Secretary.

QUESTION

FOR THE REPOSITORY,

By Mr. N. MAJOR, of Germantown.

Given $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} z+y^2+x^2=231=a, \\ y+z^2+x^2=186=b, \\ x+y^2+z^2=129=c, \end{array} \right\}$ to find $x, y,$ and z .

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

IN PAGE 95.

The Court is ever on the Monarch's side,
Because their interest's are so near allied;
But to the wretch immur'd in prison walls,
The Court of Justice all his soul appals.
The wealth of various climates finds its way,
(Altho' Old Ocean all its rage display)
To distant shores; and distant nations greets,
Either in single ship, or gallant fleets:
Stemming each storm and tempest as they rise,
Now dreadfully engulf'd! then climb the skies—
These two, if you judiciously unite,
Compose a season that gives more delight
Than scepter'd Monarch's in their robes of gold,
Or all their Parasites, a thousand fold.
Ah! happy days of Courtship! never cloying,
Still promising more bliss, while bliss enjoying:
How oft does mem'ry bring you into view?
How oft do we lament you were so few?
Could we recal these happy moments past,
Or could we make this happy season last,
What bliss, what transport, would this life possess!
Than heav'n on earth, I think 'tis little less.

OLIVIA.

NEW ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF HANDSOME YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded from page 87.)

4. Half of a wash basin, and an orbicular line, omitting the first letter.
5. A native of the Nether lands.
6. Four ninths of a church, three fifths of one of the signs of the Zodiac, half of a low tide, (for the lady's Christain name); and an indispensable officer in the navy.
7. Five sevenths of a town in Guinea noted for its sulphurous waters, and a large measure.
8. The initials of the definitions of affection, aversion, grief, joy, pleasure, and pain,

9. The name of a famous general, with the first letter of a delicate flower doubled.

10. One third of a Christain prophet, two sevenths of the sensation she inspires, and half of a fashionable cloth.

Marriages.

*No man can ever taste the sweets of life,
But in th' endearment of a loving wife;
Nor Women ever lasting pleasures prove,
But in a Husband's tenderness and love.*

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstine, Mr. Robert Mars, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Hoot....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jacob Humpilient, to Miss— Drum, both of the Northern Liberties.

Deaths.

*On earth, how few and fleeting are our days!
Life's beauteous flower just blooms,—and quick decays!
Oh, may we, then, the blessing so improve,
As, after death, to bloom in climes above.*

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 6th inst. at the Pennsylvania Hospital, George Lee, Student of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and formerly a pupil of the said Hospital.

.....At Nixington, North-Carolina, Mrs. Joanna Shaw, consort of John Shaw, Esq. and daughter of Mr. James Stuart, merchant of this City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Address of a Mother to her Infant,"—"A Tale," from *Clio*,—"Lines on Music," by Carlos, &c. shall all appear in due time."

Silence, continued silence, is the only answer due to "Riddle me Riddle me Ree's" long epistle, or rather jumble of nonsense.

We must decline publishing "Retrib & Co.'s" last communication, as their opponents are clamorous that their replies should appear, and the subject is too trifling to admit of a controversy.

The same reason will exclude "Puerus," and "E. genio."

"Monitor's," remarks cannot be published—If he will turn to the *Weekly Miscellany*, printed some years ago at Sherborne, and the *Lady's Monthly Museum* now publishing in London, works of established merit, he will find that he is entirely mistaken with respect to facts; and in opinion he is too harsh. The editor's judgment must decide when and where to stop. The number of the enigmas lately received, exclusive of all consideration of ingenuity, &c. will necessarily exclude a large proportion of them from meeting the public eye. Amusement, and, as far as practicable, instruction to our youthful readers, is the sole object in publishing such articles at all; and, from their nature, a small portion must suffice.

"Enigmatical list of Revolutionary Characters," will be published as soon as convenient.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

(FOUNDED ON RECENT FACTS)

*The holy Pow'r that cloaths the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers and verdant
grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants and has enough to give us.*

ROW. FAIR PEN.

CONSOLING thought! be hush'd ye rising
fears,
Come Hope, deck'd in thy ever-winning
smiles,
Press'd to my heart, despondence disappears,
And lightly lie my sorrows and my toil.
God by his Providence hath led
From infant weakness up to man,
Hath flow'ry paths before me spread,
And, to complete his wisdom's plan,
Hath also sent Adversity,—
Chastis'd; but yet I'll not repine,
He'll still my kind Protector be,
And bless with strength *these hands of
mine.*

Fair were my prospects, all around was gay,
I was industrious and my work was blest;
Contentment did her beauties all display,
And competency was my constant guest.
My little charmers smil'd around,
Hung on my knees and lisp'd their
love,
My peace, my comfort knew no bound,
I said my joys shall never move.
My wealth took wings—insidious fled—
My children—Oh my heart resign—
Our FATHER took—but then he said,
I'll still support *these hands of thine.*

Again the scene I active acted o'er,—
Again, did ease, and love, and friendship
smile.
Again I gain'd of wealth an ample store,
And sweet contentment smooth'd the brow
of toil:
When *all at once* rude ruin reign'd,
And FIRE consum'd my gather'd
store—
But still His hand hath me sustain'd,
And I shall shortly sigh no more.
I now begin the WORLD a-new,
My heart is fix'd, I'll not decline
The contest, for His word is true.—
He will support *these hands of mine.*

Oft have I heard the rising tempest roar,
Oft seen the sun as fearful hide his head,
The battering rain in dashing torrents pour,
And all the forest with its ruins spread:
The sun again exert his sway,
Dispel the clouds, dispel our fears;
Sweet smell the flow'rs and all look
gay,
And nature smile amid her tears;—
So, tho' I feel the smarting stroke,
His love into my soul doth shine,

No power his goodness can revoke—
I know he'll bless *these hands of mine.*

Thus spake my friend, as we in converse
sweet
Beguil'd the day, the moments quickly
fled;
I saw religion's triumph most complete,
And dark despondence hide her haggard
head.

I said, then bade adieu, thy words do prove
How sweet's dependence on the GOD OF
LOVE.

X. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO VICISSITUDE.

*"Nothing is so certain in this life as vicissitude and
uncertainty."*

HAIL! busy meddler in the scenes of life,
Again thy fickle hand may cast me down,
Or elevate above this world's vain strife,
I'll neither court thy smile nor fear thy
frown.

Season'd by past events, I'll stand my post,
Amid thy storms, and all thy rage defy;
Thy complicated evils, tho' an host!
Shall fail to shake a mind firm fix'd on
hgh.

To-day thy smiles may raise a drooping
mind,
And promise prospects ne'er to be enjoy'd;
To-morrow, thou to frown may'st be in-
clin'd,
When ev'ry flatt'ring hope will be de-
stroy'd.

Minds, fickle like thyself, thy smiles adore,
And vainly think the die is cast for good;
But, undeciv'd by thee, they soon deplore,
The sudden change, so illy understood.

While others, well experienc'd in thy school,
Will mock thy wanton tricks, and calmly
smile;

Nor heed thy threats, nor thy capricious
rue,

Since fortitude can all thy pow'rs beguile.
Thou'rt but a servant of th' all-ruling
Pow'r,

Wisely directed by th' unerring Hand;
Commission'd thence,—restrained ev'ry
hour,

When WISDOM, INFINITE, shall give
command.

Is this thy charter?—then, why need we
grieve?

INFINITE WISDOM can do nothing
wrong;

Strive then this truth, ye mortals, to believe,
And know, all changes must to God be-
long.

What then's *Vicissitude*, but Heav'n's decree?
What, smiles of fortune? or disasters
dire?

But what INFINITE WISDOM wills to be,
And what we *finite mortals* should admire.

Then hail VICISSITUDE! in every form,
Welcome to act thy part,—or fair or foul.

While WISDOM, INFINITE, directs the
storm,

INFINITE GOODNESS sanctifies the
whole.

OLIVIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

STANZAS TO SUSAN.

WITH candour now, oh Susan tell,
If thou hast form'd a magic spell,
Or shot the mystic dart;
Does William wear the lover's chains?
If so, is there a hope remains
To cheer his grief-worn heart?

Is it for thee he heaves the sigh,
And pensive thought directs the eye
In vacant gaze to rove?
If so, oh Susan! haste to bless,
Nor longer cause such deep distress,
But let compassion move:

For sure a heart so pure as thine
Can ne'er permit his youth to pine,
And waste in sighs to air.
Behold his head by grief oppress'd,
In pensive mood hangs o'er his breast—
No animation there.

Haste, ere the spring of life shall fade,
To lend thy sweet balsamic aid,
His precious life to save;
Let one sweet look, one lovely smile,
His heart of all its grief beguile,
And snatch him from the grave.

ANNA.

REPLY TO A MAID,

IN PAGE 32.

"...When a Lady's in the case

"You know all other things give place."

SOME censure may be cast on me,
If you a lady fair should be;
Yet charge me not with disrespect,
Nor yet accuse me of neglect;
Because, fair *Maid*, I thought you spoke
Like some young wag, who makes a joke
Of things so weighty in our lives
As taking or becoming wives.

Surmising this, and this being true,
No answer then I trust was due:
But notwithstanding what I've said
I'll now consider you a maid;
You're of that sex, I will suppose,
Whose charms can mitigate our woes;
Can make our grief and sorrows fly,
And give a zest to every joy.
So much promis'd, what rests behind
But candidly to speak my mind,—
An obligation due from me
Since you're so open and so free.

In entering on the married state
Methinks you're too precipitate;
You maids should look before you leap,
And should not hold yourselves too cheap.
Before you offer me your hand,
You ought at least to understand
My manners, disposition, temper,
And know if I am *idem semper*;
Or if in person I can please ye—
Lest Hymen's bond should prove uneasy.
But you from modish maxims swerve,
And cast behind all coy reserve:
To contradict me you make bold,
In that you're pleas'd to call me "old."
When I by age shall die, my dear,
Then you may also quake for fear.
My heart I can't give if I would,
Nor neither would I if I could,
Before I've seen, and better know you,
Then I perhaps might give it to you.

BACHELOR.